

Saturday, October 21, 1944

Beloved Darling;

Another week has gone by and I am very glad of that. Days seem to go by quite rapidly on the ship if only I find something to do, such as reading or writing. This is one thing for which I am properly thankful because I want time to really fly until I can be back with you again. If only they would decide to drop us off somewhere so I could get mail from you. That is my prime concern. It is to be hoped that my mail is being sent to you so you can hear from me. You probably listen to news broadcasts and visualize me establishing beachheads all over the world. To tell you the truth though, Darling, I don't think you'll ever be able to drag Neva to the show to point me out in the newsreel because my time is ~~go~~ being spent in quite humdrum fashion and will undoubtedly continue to be spent this way. There is so little variety from day to day. Of course we can watch the fish go by. We even saw a multi-colored eel about four feet long and a sea turtle. Some of the fellows have tried a hand at fishing but it has only been a means of passing time because no one has had any luck yet.

Today I read that the Philippines were invaded. That was very good news because that means we are one step nearer the end of the war. If the war in Europe can get going once more and we can keep up our late string of activity in the Pacific, maybe I'll be

home with you sooner than I expected. It would certainly be wonderful if they could end both wars simultaneously.

I'd be on my way to your house and when I rang the doorbell you'd come tumbling downstairs brushing your hair and the sleep out of your eyes. Then, when you opened the door, I'm afraid I would succumb to the temptation of folding my arms around you and kiss you as you should be kissed, instead of on paper as I am doing now.

We were rained out of sleeping on the open deck again last night but managed to find a spot which was sheltered - and miraculously empty - so we curled up there and had one of the best night's sleep since I've been on board. Of course a little water splashed in a fine spray in my face all night but that merely adds a little zest to things.

Kilby came out of the hospital today. He could have stayed in there longer too, if he'd wanted to. Some people just don't know when they're well off. I would like to get the opportunity he had. They'd have to put me out at the point of a gun.

You should be here to give me a haircut. The last time I had my hair cut was at Beale over a month ago. It has now reached the braiding stage but I don't want to have it cut on board because the so-called barbers here really do a butcher job. I'll wait till I go ashore. I wish now that I had

waited to shave my beard. If I hadn't shaved it last week, believing we were going to land, it would be quite a respectable growth by now. It was coming along beautifully. Kelly and I both shed a silent tear as I tore into it with the razor. He liked it very much.

I'm going to leave you again Sweetheart but I'll be back tomorrow. Be a good girl till then and keep on writing to me because I'm going to need all the mail I can get to keep me happy while we're apart. I love you Sweetheart

Always
Freddie

Sunday, October 22, 1944

Darling;

Ship ahoy! Yokohama and a bottle of coconut milk. A vast ye lubber. The nautical influence is getting the best of me or I am on the verge of a section eight (discharge for mental deficiency). We have now spent ~~some~~ ^{many} days on the boat and the ~~mutual~~ mutual acquaintanceship is beginning to wear on me. The men are muttering at one another and things are quite rough. One of our boys wanted to light a cigaret so he asked a fellow with a lighted cigaret to give him a light and got a sharp and snappy refusal. A little longer and they'll be pulling knives on one another.

My clothes are reaching a stage where they are very mature. I've changed fatigues and will be damned if I will change again and put on my last clean pair. I do have quite a bit of underwear and quite a few socks so

that isn't much of a problem. It's impossible to wash out clothes in this salt water. I'll get ashore and get out my little scrubbing brush and give them a good going over. Then I hope to be able to get a tin in which I can boil them to finish the job. Keeping things clean will be quite a problem.

This morning Bob Miller and I had a nice time knocking one another out by reminiscing about rust Lansing and all we had awaiting us there. He seems to be a pretty good boy. It was such fun remembering just how nice it is there and just how much fun I had while I was there - and how much fun I'll have when I get back there. Mmmmmmm! It will be very nice.

The forenoon was also a time when I did a little thinking about our home. Today I concentrated on the kitchen and came to the conclusion that (among other things) if we had a fireplace in the kitchen it should be quite functional so that it could be used for heating, be arranged for barbecuing and broiling meats and also have a baking arrangement. You could use it in the winter time. I also think that we could have a fireplace on the porch using the same chimney. The windows in it should open (the majority that is) on the open side of the kitchen rather than on the porch because I like a kitchen to be very well lighted. It's ~~much~~ much easier for you to work in that way. I'll keep on thinking about it and will write more about it.

Monday, October 23, 1944

Another day sweetheart. They seem to go fast on paper but not in reality.

My letter yesterday broke off abruptly because I was called down and put on detail. It isn't a bad job and consists merely of carrying cases of canned and fresh foods up two flights of stairs to the kitchen (galley to gobs). We have a very nice arrangement with the chief cook who told us that we can eat anything we want and as much as we want as long as we eat it in the storeroom. I have been gorging myself on fresh oranges yesterday and today. I only have to work a half hour in the morning and a half hour in the afternoon. This morning I fixed myself a nice Dagwood sandwich of a half inch thick slab of cheese and four vienna sausages. It was quite surprisingly good. I try to get my weight down and they insist on tossing details like this at me to ruin my will power. I am one of the best fed soldiers in the army and have been right along. The Robson family certainly did their share toward earning me that title. I would love to sit down to one of your mother's Sunday dinners topped with one of your pecan (can as in tin can) pies. Mmm!!! Then to stretch out on the living room floor, read the funnies and then prepare a picnic lunch and go to Pintaum for the afternoon. Sounds swell doesn't it sweet? Well, it won't be long now.

We have gotten rid of quite a few men on board and there is now room to move around in. It should have been this way from the start.

It really is a lot nicer now. We have a movie every night and are able to find sleeping space on deck afterward. Last night someone stole Kilwy's blanket. He left it on the deck for just a minute while he went to the john, and when he returned, it was gone. I don't know who these light fingered fellows on board are but I hope they are caught. I'm still smarting about the theft of my bathing trunks.

Ludwig has been after me to give him a hair trim. His hair grows out quite bristly on the sides and he's going to look like a fuzzy wuzzy in no time at all. I could use a haircut myself. Drag out a bowl and go to work Honey. I may even let you trim the mustache if you're a very good girl.

With the deal I have now, the fact that we cannot yet see the end of this voyage doesn't faze me a bit. I'd just as soon spend my time on this ship. It isn't too bad once you get used to it and there's no telling what we'll run into ashore. It wouldn't hurt my feelings to be on it the rest of the month, which is probably what will happen. There should be plenty of mail awaiting me on my arrival at our destination and that something pleasant to contemplate on. I could use a dozen letters from you to pep me up right now. I'd love so much to hear from you Sweetheart and hope my letters are reaching you all right. I love you very much and each day finds me more thankful for having you waiting for me when I get back. I love you very much Darling and send you

All My Love and Kisses
Freddie